

BEYOND OUR SOUTHERN BORDER.

"BEAUTY UNADORNED" NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED.

Female Beauty Obscured by Bad Dressing—Home Life in a Hot Climate.

Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

GUAYMAS, Sonora, 1889.

Travellers say of this odd and isolated little town that it possesses two things in an eminent degree—pretty girls and hot weather. The latter is simply indescribable, especially when the wind happens to be sheward, the incircling hills completely shutting off every breath of air not heated to 120° in the shade. As to the señoritas, they certainly are beautiful while young, but, unfortunately, women age rapidly in this fervid climate, and seem as old at 25 as most Northern females at 40. There is one thing, however, in favor of the Guaymas girls, viz., that they know how to dress better than their sisters in most parts of Mexico—a circumstance due to the large foreign element of the city, chiefly American and French. "Beauty unadorned" is all very well—in poetry, and perhaps in fact, if left absolutely unadorned. But the prettiest woman is not attractive when slouching about carelessly, in an ill-fitting, badly cut gown (no matter how rich the material), which says just enough in the rear to wipe up the dusty streets, hatless and gloveless, hair hanged straight over the brows a la poodle and feet crowded into shoes two sizes too small, with enormously high heels that give the wearer a gait absurdly awkward.

In many plazas, in various portions of this sunny country, where the *elite* are wont to promenade, I have watched the processions of wealth, youth and beauty, longing to prop up the plump figures into something like shapeliness, to gather round untidy folds of the skirts in grace of contour, and fling those long hair locks "into the middle of the wench." But then, they all have abundant dark hair, lustrous eyes and pretty teeth; and in Sonora most of them know how to wear their good clothes in a becoming way, and, better than all, their faces have a blush and glow, in keeping with their liquid eyes, indicating good health, rich blood and warm hearts—and beside them the average pale-tinted *Americano* looks like a snow-drift.

Here all the native women, Mexican and Yaqui, still wear over the head, instead of hats or bonnets, either the Spanish mantilla (pronounced man-tee-ya), or the rebosa. The former is simply a three-cornered shawl of black or white lace; and the latter is a long, wide scarf, black or blue cotton, wool or silk. No other sort of head-covering is ever seen here, except among the visiting strangers, and none other could so universally become and so suited to the climate. In most other respects the Sonora ladies follow American styles, except in the matter of gloves (which are never worn at all), and those execrable French heels, nearly a finger high, set directly under the instep. Probably the

TOTAL ABSENCE OF GLOVES

Is largely owing to the difficulty of getting them on and off in an atmospheric perspiration-provoking; but, notwithstanding this lack of protection from the tropic sun and the blistering glare of the tropic moon, the Guaymas ladies are easily famed for the whiteness and beauty of their hands, in which they take great pride. Probably this arises from the fact that manual labor is considered dishonorable for any but the lowest classes; and poor, indeed, must the aristocratic Mexican become before he or she will consent to do any kind of work, indoors or out—in most cases I verily believe they would prefer starvation. To be sure, the ladies look after their households a little each day, after a fashion—that is, they go around the *casa* and worry the multitude of servants by ignorant orders; and most of them use the needle skillfully on lace work and embroidery. But for the most part their lives are spent in the hammock—eating, sleeping, smoking cigarettes in dainty silver holders, and chatting airy nothings. They are all very religious and regular church-goers to morning mass and evening vespers, observing all *festas* and doing whatever priest and monsignor dictate. They read nothing or nothing as a rule, knowing nothing of the world beyond their limits of vision, and their highest idea of enjoyment is in dancing and senseless flirtation. There are a great many balls, and every evening there is informal dancing in somebody's *casa*. It is the universal custom everywhere in Mexico for neighbors and friends to "drop in" of an evening without especial invitation, and always "where two or three are gathered together" there is music and dancing, to which these light-hearted, pleasure-loving, warm-blooded people incline, as naturally as ducks to water.

As an incident characteristic of the place, I may mention that coming to Guaymas once, via the California Gulf, the steamer arrived on Monday morning; it was after 9 o'clock when I went ashore with the Captain, but found everything shut-up in the custom-house, the Postoffice, the stores, hardly stirring but the American Consul, even the distributor of the mails and the master of the port being cross and sleepy because disturbed so early. There had been a carnival ball the night before (Sunday), and young and old had danced till Monday dawning.

THE HOUSES OF GUAYMAS

Are of stone and adobe—mostly the latter, built in the prevailing style of Mexico, one story high, with flat roofs and walls from three to five feet thick. The more pretentious residences inclose a court, around the inner walls being a broad veranda or corridor, open to the court, every apartment leading into it by its only door, there being no outside doors, excepting the main entrance, which also leads to the court and thence to the rooms of the casa, and through which donkeys and carriages may come as well as the people. The poorer classes—and they compose by far the larger part of the population—inhabit palaces made of poles tied together by twines and plastered with a little sun-dried mud, doorless, windowless and roofed with cactus branches, palm-leaves, old rags or whatever happened to come in the builders' way. Even in the best houses, window-glass is rare, the glass being of the French type—double, and reaching from floor to ceiling, the place of the ordinary sash, to which we of the North are accustomed, being filled by folding doors of solid wood, so that when closed the rooms are in total darkness.

But in this mild climate there is no season of the year when the windows may not be left wide open, by night as by day, because securely protected from outside intruders by bars of wood or iron. A kind of Venetian shades, with slats, is sometimes used to partially screen those within from the public gaze, the houses being all built even with the street. The universal presence of window-bars gives a prison-like aspect to the buildings and suggests a feeling of insecurity in a state of society that seems to demand such extraordinary precautions; but that judgment would not be just, because the most densely populated communities that most of those in Mexico similar protection would be necessary for rooms on a level with the street if the elements were so warm that windows opening to the floor must be left open the year around.

No community, north or south, is so honest as to permit, with impunity, such ample opportunity for trespass, Guaymas is well policed, and as good order

COST OF CRUISING.

WHAT IT COSTS TO FIT OUT A GOVERNMENT VESSEL.

Responsibility of the Officer Who Orders the Supplies—The Paymaster's Difficult Duties.

Those persons not connected with shipping interests cannot readily form any thing like a correct idea of the immense expense in fitting out one of Uncle Sam's vessels for a cruise in foreign parts. The work also requires attention to a mass of detail rather appalling to a landsman, but accepted as a matter of course by the paymaster of the ship, whose errors of judgment may sometimes cause privation and discomfort to the crew. It is not the case, as might be supposed, that when fitting out, the heads of various departments officially notify the paymaster of their probable wants on the proposed cruise. That officer may, and often does consult with them informally on the subject, but the Navy Department supplies him with requisition blanks, on which are listed all the articles ordinarily used on board ship, and he thereupon estimates the probable needs of the vessel and crew for three months, makes the necessary requisitions upon the proper bureau of the Department, receives the same from the storekeepers, and stores them aboard.

It is interesting to follow the labors of a paymaster of a 1,500 ton cruiser of the ordinary type in fitting out for sea. In the first place, the Government provides the hull and engines. The standing rigging and masts are actually in the hall at the time, but they are invoiced to the paymaster, and here his labors begin. He is provided with a set of books, rather intricate in theory, and a clerk to help him keep them, together with a small iron safe. These are then turned over to him by voice, along with other articles invoiced to him at different times. He next turns his attention to the naval stores, of which the first are the bowsprit, masts, yards and sail. The bowsprit costs him (theoretically) \$500, the foremast \$775, foretopmast \$60, and foretop gallant mast \$575. The mainmast costs him \$925, the maintop \$90, the maintop gallant mast \$25, the main yard \$280, maintop yard \$60, maintop gallant yard \$45, main sail \$60, maintop sail \$75, maintop \$203, maintop gallantail \$100, main royals \$65, and main trysail \$125, making in all \$2,659 for the maintop and its fixture, alone exclusive of running rigging and the extra set of sails that a ship must carry for emergencies. In addition, all the other masts, spars and sails, cables, anchors, blocks, ladders, buoys, gratings, awnings, boats and their equipments, furniture, glassware for commanding officer (other officers providing their own), and numerous small articles to the value of nearly \$21,000. These things being brought aboard and properly stowed, the paymaster next turns his attention to engine room stores, consisting of cocks, gauges and valves, machine tools, hose, oils for lubricating machinery and illumination of engine room, packing miscellaneous tools and a hundred or more smaller articles, aggregating in value about \$3,000.

Since the further labors to be performed, he lays in a stock of coal, for a ship of the size mentioned, about 25 tons enough to last for about twenty-five days' constant steaming. The cost of coal varies so that what may cost here \$5 a ton may cost in a foreign port \$30 a ton, but the average cost for the vessel is estimated to be about \$8 per ton. It should be mentioned here that one of the old cruisers, the Kearsarge, in her active cruising of the last five months, has sailed 15,000 miles consuming coal to the value of \$6,866. The new cruisers, however, consume much greater quantities of coal per day, owing to their greater horse power.

The ordnance stores next require attention. The battery may be already on board the ship, but it is now invoked to the paymaster, each gun and each carriage representing separate values. On the old third-rate cruisers the two eight-inch pivot rifles are invoiced at \$10,500 each, and the whole battery at about \$30,000. The guns of the new cruisers are much more elaborate and expensive than those of the paymaster, being a requisition for about six tons, of powder, 30,000 cartridges for small arms, eighty rifles and 500 shells, shrapnel and shot, the whole worth \$10,000. When the boat stores are included, all the ordnance stores are worth in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

Navigator's stores are next required. These consist of lamps and fixtures, worth about \$500; illuminating oils, worth about \$350; flags, signals and pyrotechnic supplies for signaling purposes. These are very expensive and are generally worth about \$1,300, the outfit of flags alone costing nearly \$1,000, making an average of \$2,200 expended for stores issued to the navigator of the ship. In addition to these are the navigator's instruments, which are not in charge of the paymaster, but of the navigating officer, himself, sextants, charts and the like, which are very expensive, each instrument costing from \$300 to \$500, the entire value of the outfit being not far from \$20,000. It is the policy of the Navy Department to become as independent as possible of the charts supplied by other Governments, and to this end the Hydrographic Office is getting out its own charts of the world, which are more expensive than foreign charts, and which are thoroughly trustworthy. The captains of the merchant marine are furnished with monthly coast charts in return for abstracts of their logs, and navigating officers of the naval service are required to make numerous daily and accurate observations of their latitude and longitude, with temperature of water, direction of the wind, state of the weather, and other meteorological indications. These details are all sent to the Navy Department and are massed by the Hydrographic Office for the preparation of various charts. The result of this has been that the United States is far in advance of other nations in the matter of charts and records of meteorological observations. On any sort of cruise, the vessel requires charts which embrace the minutest details of the entire shore line of two or more stations which she may be ordered to visit, and these are worth about \$3,000.

On all the vessels of the Navy there is a small miscellaneous library of from 500 volumes upward, ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

Before fitting out a cruiser there is a variety of small general stores to be laid in, such as canvas, rope, leather, tar, life-preservers, handspikes, etc., to the value of \$2,500; and carpenter's stores, worth about \$6,000, consisting of tools, lumber and general hardware, for use in case of injury or accident. This material for temporary repairs must be on hand and immediately available.

Having now fitted out the ship to this extent the crew must be looked out for. Their sleeping quarters are on the berth deck, and each man has his hammock and damage, but clothes wear out so completely a thousand miles away from home as they do at home, and crews eat quite as much at sea as ashore. The paymaster, therefore, issues his requisition for the amount of clothing that will probably be needed, and his list includes, among other things, pea jackets, short trousers, overshirts, white socks, neck jumpers, undershirts, 200 suits of underclothing, 250 yards of cloth, 1,000 yards of flannel (a most important article on shipboard), 200 pairs of

shoes and socks, 400 yards of canvas duck, numerous blankets, cloth caps, neckchiefs, working suits, leghings, white duck hats and the like, worth about \$4,500.

His list of ration articles, however, is so important that it must be selected with the greatest care, only those things adapted to the climate visited being taken. Generally there are laid in of staple articles for a crew of 180 men 6,000 pounds of biscuit, 6,000 pounds of wheat flour, 3,000 pounds of salt pork, 230 gallons of beans, 1,600 pounds of salt beef, 900 pounds of rice, 500 pounds of dried fruit, 1,000 pounds of butter, 1,000 pounds of tomatoes, 7,000 pounds of canned meat—ham, bacon, mutton and corned beef—1,400 pounds of coffee, 200 pounds of tea, 4,000 pounds of sugar, 634 pounds of pickles, 80 gallons of molasses and 60 gallons of vinegar, worth in all about \$4,500. These supplies are in addition to the fresh goods laid in at various stations.

Then there are the apothecary's stores, for each ship carries a small drug store aboard, containing stores, such as candles—large quantities of which are carried for general illuminating purposes—locks, stationery and the like, consisting of beeswax, sewing materials, pocket handkerchiefs, knives, shaving implements, brushes, brooms, mess kettles and pans, spoons, cap ribbons, 200 boxes of blacking, 1,200 pounds of tobacco, 3,000 pounds of soap, towels and other toilet appliances, altogether worth about \$1,500. The tobacco is issued to the crew at 38 cents a pound, and the soap at 10 cents for a three-pound bar.

Having laid in his stores, the paymaster draws several thousand dollars from the Government for contingent expenses, and the vessel is ready to sail. Stores purchased on foreign stations are paid for by him, whenever possible, by checks on the United States, and he frequently draws money from Treasury agents abroad, and the like.

The Troy Press denounces the wearing of fanned shirts, and insists that it has no place "in society and homes of refinement."

"Keep Clean" is an admonition carrying with it an inspiration which not only invigorates life, but makes it enjoyable and beautiful.

The man who keeps an exact cash account of his daily expenses generally earns an expert book-keeper's salary trying to remember where the money went.

TAKE SIMMONS Liver Regulator, after dinner. It prevents dyspepsia and indigestion.

MODERN WISDOM.

Current Press Comment, Brief and Right to the Point.

Modesty and merit are a handsome couple.

The faith cure is bad, but the bogus medicine diploma is worse.

Were it not for vulgar parents, no baby beauty show could be a success.

It is the small man who is fearful he will not get all the credit he deserves.

After all, the principal race troubles occur in paying the bets and walking rights.

Wilkie Collins used to say that a book sold was the only criticism he cared for or respected.

The author with a bank-book is the fellow who is destined to make a success in literature.

A Minneapolis man has invented a perpetual motion machine. The next thing for him is a padded cell.

The time approaches when the extravagant youth realizes that he can't trade a liner duster for an overcoat.

There are few society belles who have not a record of conquests made with the assistance of smokeless powder.

Too many of the Johnstown people put their faith in the adage that "the lame and the lazy are always provided for."

The high cost of beef is explained by Senator Farwell of Illinois as due to the fact that the people will only eat the best cuts.

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DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

BY D. J. YOUNG, Superintendent of State Printing, Sacramento, September 2, 1889.

5¢ Sale positive. Terms cash 63¢

o/s 2t BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

o/s 2t BELL & CO., Auction

FARM AND ORCHARD.

DESCRIPTION OF A WELL-MANAGED POULTRY YARD.

Improve the Raisin Pack—Evils of Close Planting—Sorghum—Destruction of Forests—Notes.

The following description of a New York poultry farm of twenty years ago is taken from an essay delivered by Warren Leland, the proprietor, before the Farmers' Club of that State. Mrs. E. P. Duden of Lake House, Sacramento county, who sends us this description, says that although written of a poultry farm of twenty years ago, it contains many useful hints which could be applied to poultry raising at the present time. She has seen places in the foothills and along the railroad which the description of Mr. Leland's Highland farm would fit admirably, with small fertile spots where grain enough could be raised to maintain a large flock of poultry, with the advantage that they could range at will through the greater portion of the winter and pick up a great deal of their food. She makes the following condensation of Mr. Leland's essay:

He devoted eighteen acres in one yard of his Highland farm to Rye, Wheat, to 100 pounds, consisting of hens, ducks, turkeys and geese. The broods have an average large lot, and the turkeys have a half mile range. The eighteen-acre lot is rough land, unsuitable for tillage, having in it rocks, bushes, grass, weeds and sandy places, and also a pond. It is supplied with heaps of ashes, bones, lime, and a portion is occasionally plowed to furnish worms. The fowls have woods and bushes to range in, the turkeys trees to roost in, and the ducks and geese enjoy the privilege of the pond. There are natural and artificial shelters for all, consisting of sheds, hillsides, bushes, nooks and hiding places of all sorts for hens with broods, and trees are cut and bent down into the ground for shelter and roosts. The wings of none are clipped, and the hens may scratch and turkeys fly at pleasure within the limits of the grounds. After a trial of some years Mr. Leland has discarded coops, finding that the greater freedom allowed the more healthy and profitable are his fowls. The principal features of his farm are freedom, cleanliness, proper and sufficient food during the year, and change of cocks every spring.

In summer, with the range there, his fowls secure a good supply of animal food from the fields, in worms, grubs, grasshoppers, etc. They are also supplied at all seasons with refuse scraps from the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Leland says egg-making is no easy work, and the hens will not do much of it without high feed. They need just what a man who works requires—wheat, bread and meat. He feeds wheat, even when it costs \$2 a bushel. No old nests are allowed. After each brood is hatched the nests are whitewashed inside and out. After lying in the sun and rain for a few days they are half filled with clean straw and returned for use. The old straw is burned. Each of the 250 or 300 hens on hand in the spring is permitted to have one brood during the year. Four or five will have broods the same day, and to do this the hen must lay eggs for the mother all the chicks will be given. The others are given a cold bath and placed in confinement a few days, after which they return to the flock and their nests. Mr. Leland asserts that he can produce a thousand pounds of poultry cheaper than he can produce the same weight of mutton, beef or pork. His young chickens numbered in 1868 about 3,000, and his stock of all kinds of poultry about 4,000. It was estimated to be worth \$6,000 in November of that year, when poultry was higher than it has since been.

Mr. Leland prefers the Light Brahma hens. His cocks are of all kinds, as he finds excellent results from the crosses secured, and no old cocks are allowed on the place. He prefers the Brahma because they mature early, for spring chickens are handsome, hardy, good layers, look well when dressed and are of large size. He feeds corn, wheat, chopped turnips and the waste bread and meat scraps from his hotel and sour milk from his farm. He says the best way to keep his hens is keeping near the conditions of nature. At the outset he became convinced that above all things fowls must have space and cleanliness; that they cannot be expected to do well if confined in cramped and offensive quarters. For the winter quarters of his flock, which at that season is reduced to 300 early spring pullets, 30 cocks, 30 turkeys and a few geese and ducks, he has a stone building 75 feet long and 25 feet wide, which faces the south. The openings on the north side are small and filled with window glass, and in some cases with double sashes. Those on the south are much larger, consisting of double doors, which are opened on sunny days. In the middle of the north side is a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. Nearly every day in winter a fire is kept up with knots, chunks and logs, that would otherwise be useless. The chimney can easily be closed or the logs be rolled out into the middle of the building and feathers or sulphur used for fumigation, which is done whenever hen-lace appears. On cold and wet days the fowls gather before the fire, warm themselves and trim their feathers, and when the fire dies out they wallow in the warm ashes. Lime and plaster are freely used in the building, to absorb odors and compost droppings. Roosts are made of oak slats, an inch thick and two and one-half inches wide. The wide perch enables the fowls to cover their feet entirely with their warm feathers, and prevent freezing in the coldest nights.

THE RAISIN PACK.

"G. E." writing to the *California Fruit Grower*, says: While California undoubtedly has of late years produced proportionately a larger quantity of finer raisins than formerly, still the packing and handling of our raisins have not improved as much as is desirable. The cause of this must be looked for in the methods of packing; indeed the system used by the majority of the packers is radically wrong.

As is well known there are two distinct methods in packing our raisins, loose as well as layers. One method is called the "top up" method, the other is designated the "top down" method. The former, or "top up" method, consists in placing the raisins in the bottom of the boxes first, continuing to build up layer upon layer, until finally the top layer is reached, when it will be found that the top surface is uneven, and to make it appear smooth it requires to be pressed down. This heavy pressure injures the appearance of the raisins and breaks their skin, which injures their keeping qualities. Raisins thus treated will soon sugar and spoil. To understand how the pressure can injure the appearance of the raisins, it is necessary to remember how these raisins are packed. If we observe the packer we soon notice that instead of spreading the bunch out level one on top of the other, in a way that would place the majority of the berries on their flat side, he bunches or pinches them up one against the other. Most of the raisins handled this way stand on end, presenting to the spectator not their largest flat sides, but their sides or edges. Such raisins require a very heavy pressure before they appear large, but even under pressure they will not come out in looks with raisins that have been laid flat down. If a box of raisins of this style of packing requires facing, it is apparent that this can only be done on a very even surface. This

can only be had by tremendous pressure, which again sadly interferes with the keeping-quality of the raisins. We have seen boxes so heavily pressed that the berries were wet with the sugar and juice. Boxes packed in this way cannot give satisfaction, and while the consumer or middleman may not understand the reason of the defect, still he comprehends that something is wrong with the raisins. But this system of packing has one fault. The berries when packed over laid entirely flat, so to say, become flat and cannot again be separated without breaking and losing much of their beauty. If we should count up the objectionable points of thus packing, we would find them to be as follows:

It spoils the raisins, it makes them appear smaller than they are, and it causes the bunches to break up. Until this system is abolished we can never expect perfection in raisin packing. It is enough to add regard to this method that the best raisin packer in the State does not employ it, but packs his raisins top down.

EVILS OF CLOSE PLANTING.

A promising orchard of three hundred trees, the property of a neighbor of mine, just beginning to bear, and on which the owner realized \$900 last season, was sacrificed to the close-planting policy. The trees, which one year ago showed evidence of health and vigor, have assumed a sickly appearance. Cutting out every alternate tree, with a liberal dressing of fertilizers, will save the orchard if the owner has the intelligence and nerve to do it at once. But what a loss to the soil, this production of one hundred and fifty trees which can only be "cut down and cast into the fire!" And "the survival of the fittest" will be set back two years, at least, by this plan of planting and then thinning an orchard.

The orchard demands a rich, moist soil. If these conditions are furnished, it assumes large proportions and gives immense yields. Why, then, dwarf, stave and mutilate? Is it not better to have five thrifty trees, producing fifty bushels of healthy, fine fruit, than fifty trees with fifty bushels of wormy, knotty, gnarly specimens, fit only for the pigs or thieving vagrants? In the latter instance the soil is taxed to produce the wood of fifty trees instead of five. The cost of purchasing, planting, etc., all contributes towards the swelling contrast in the amount paid out.

In the first instance you will be rewarded with satisfactory results; in the latter there will be disappointment, loss of time and money and a failure to realize when your orchard comes in bearing. The same results, comparatively, though not so rapidly, manifest themselves with regard to the vine. Too close planting will sooner or later result disastrously. The proper distance for setting apple trees is from thirty to forty feet.—*American Agriculturist*.

SORGHUM.

J. Blackiston, in *Placer County Observer*: "I sent to Minnesota and procured two kinds of seed—Minnesota Amber and Kenney Amber. I planted it the last of March, and the plants came up in abundance, of each kind, or more. Then came the hail-storm and ruined over half of what was left by the floods, but I think I have enough to make forty gallons. The Minnesota Amber I consider the best, as it does not grow so rank, although I have stalks that are twelve feet. The only drawback I see is getting it topped, owing to its growing so high. As for the Kenney variety, I have stalks thirteen feet high and measuring five inches in circumference. It is, in my opinion, too heavy to handle, and the Minnesota Amber is the kind. In order to crush the stocks we made two rollers of oak and put them together similar to a clothes-wringer, with a crank on each end. The stalks turn out as much juice as those that are raised in Minnesota, and three gallons of juice will make one gallon of syrup, while in Minnesota it takes five gallons of juice to make one gallon of syrup. I send you a sample of syrup, and you will see it is as clear as water. After the stock goes through the press cows will eat it in preference to hay of any kind. As for the blades, they make splendid feed, and the top furnishes good chicken feed."

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.

The Delta reports the arrest of two Frenchmen burning timber in the groves of big trees in the Sierra Nevada mountains of Tuolumne county. The "Delta" adds: "It is a sad mistake. The law protecting the giant of the forest has, in the present time, been a dead letter." The law is plain making it a criminal offence to willfully set fire on and destroy these splendid forests, and yet fires continue to rage in the mountains. These fires are started by sheepmen, who burn off the grass and timber so that a new crop of grass will grow for their sheep. Every year groves of timber are burned that are ten times more valuable than the flocks of sheep for which they were sacrificed to give a summer's pasture. It is to be hoped that all offenses of this kind will be punished to the full extent of the law."

FARM NOTES.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* says: The education received at colleges devoted to agriculture or on the farm, under the tutelage of an experienced farmer, while helpful and necessary, goes for naught unless accompanied everywhere and always by common sense.

The California *Cavaller*, a monthly illustrated magazine published in San Francisco and devoted to the poultry interest in all its branches, has become justly popular among farmers and poultry raisers. It is second to no publication of its class in the country.

Pack eggs in salt or flour, so they do not touch; set them away in a dry, cool apartment, and they may be kept good three or four months, which is long enough.

BY THE SEA.

O, wild capricious, moaning sea. Uncrowned longlings you bring to me, As I gaze upon your dazzling foam, And the sunbeams that sweep across the ocean. The waves they beat and dash and roar. As they break and play on the sandy shore; They wish to whisper to me as they play, "O, come to my arms—forever to stay."

"Upon my breast you shall ever lie, My golden bosom shall drown your sigh, And your soft caresses shall meet my eyes, As we float along under sunny skies."

"The life I live is grand and free, The life I go—my life—come and see,— The golden heads shall wear a crown Of the roses that I have laid around."

"In my arms you shall drift along From dusky night to sunny morn; We will soar afar as the blue-winged dove, And our only law shall be love, love, love."

"My heart is wildly beating, But I turn and walk away, Round me spreads the twilight gray."

And I think how strange a thing our lives, As I stand and gaze upon the skies, How grand the scene below, how grand above, But now sweet a chill of love, love, love.

—Eva Tremayne Prior.

Bean's Island, an uninhabited piece of land lying in Frenchman's Bay, off the coast of Maine, would be a paradise for cats. It is infested with rats, and how they reached there no one can tell. It is the general supposition that some years ago a coasting schooner must have been wrecked in the bay, and that the rats among other verminable portions of its cargo were thrown ashore, and took up their abode on the island. Any one who is not fond of them does well in giving the place a wide berth, for they know no fear and make it interesting for visitors. Much of the Island is low and flat, and is so perforated with holes that it resembles a vast sieve. How they live is a mystery. No one knows of any fresh water upon the island, so the rats must have been the sole discoverers of some hidden spring.

Dyspepsy, caused by a diseased liver, can be avoided by taking Simmonds Liver Regulator.

BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN LAKES.

THE FAMOUS TUNNEL OVER NINE MILES LONG.

Over the St. Gotthard by Rail—The Wonderful Alpine Route from Zurich to Milan.

STRESA, LAGO MAGGIORE, 1 September 23, 1889.

Up to less than a decade ago the Italian lakes were only accessible from the northward by long and tedious diligence trips through one or another of the various Alpine passes. It was only the opening of the St. Gotthard Railway, in 1882, which made the Lakes Maggiore, Como and Lugano, and especially by rail in a single day from points north of the Alps. To-day so far have these facilities been developed that one can leave Lucerne or Zurich about 9 A. M. and reach either of the lakes named by 3 o'clock the same afternoon. The travel over the Gotthard has consequently increased to dimensions which would astound one making his first trip over the road. In fact, I know of no other route which combines such grandeur and variety of scenery with such detailed system and comfort for traveling.

I came down here by the morning express from Zurich to Milan a few days ago, have since made the tour of the three lakes, and now—even at the risk of being suspected of writing a *reclame*—I propose to describe to your readers, in a general way, the charms and surprises of a ride over the St. Gotthard, in the hope that every reader who has not already made this wonderful journey will lose no time in doing so, as soon as the opportunity may present itself.

It is curious to study in this connection the successive steps by which, with the advance of science and civilization, the giddy footpath through the wildest of mountain fastnesses has gradually developed into steel-ballasted railway. Yet this is the history of the Gotthard Pass.

Some historians assert that this pass was known as long ago as 600 years B. C., and that through it the Gauls found a way for making their first descent on the plains of Lombardy. This is, however, not sustained by any adequate proof, and the earliest written record of the Gotthard is furnished by a Benedictine monk, one Albert von Stade, who, about the middle of the thirteenth century, published an account of this pathway, claiming that it could be reached Bellinzona in three days.

It is the English *Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co., New York) for October is a number of more than usual excellence. A. C. Swinburne sings of "The South Coast," a delightful lyric. Mrs. Jeannette Williams illustrates in "The Girl of Dickens" ("Cyrilla") Mrs. Mooreworth of "English Girlhood." Henry W. Lucy of "White and Silent Nuns" G. B. Shaw of "Wager at Bayreuth," the Earl of Lytton begins the story of "The Ring of Amastris," which he says has been printed and butchered. A. C. Swinburne writes of "The Queen of the United States" and he is desirous that the people of America will read the story in its true form. There are other valuable papers in the magazine. The illustrations are excellent, and the first among them is a portrait from the National Gallery by Frans Hals.

But I am recalled from my reverie by the sound of the distant fisherman's evening song wafted over the lake's blue waters before me. The shadows of night are creeping over the scene, and the massive form of Monte Terro, opposite, is already growing dark in the twilight. The scene is exceedingly beautiful and beautiful, and I wish all my readers could be here to enjoy it with me. They would involuntarily exclaim with delight: "Great and beautiful is the Lago Maggiore, and grand is the Gotthard line that leads to it."

THE FALL IS HERE AGAIN.

The flowers are withering, though the woods are bright with autumn hues.

The girls are wearing thicker goods and stout boots and shoes.

The feathered songsters of the grove are singing.

The waterfalls have flown, and the streams are flowing.

The cool air is in the grove now.

The baseball season is in its close, we are getting rid of mosqui-toes.

We are going to have a grand harvest.

The tennis season's past.

We are getting rid of mosqui-toes.

The flies are dying fast.

No more we fizzing dola quaff,

Or love for last year,

The world has caught his loudest laugh

His season's drawing near.

The politician works his chin

Until our ears do ache,

And weather prophets now begin

To say what the weather will be.

Whoever our eyes around we cast

And look on things or men,

All signs denote that summer's past

And fall is here again.

—Boston Courier.

SCIENTIFIC HINTS.

Iron can be coppered by dipping it into melted copper, the surface of which is protected by a melted layer of cryolite and phosphoric acid, the articles thus treated being heated to the same temperature as the melted copper.

Experiments made in France, where plates of celluloid were used for sheathing ships' bottoms instead of copper, it was found that the plates were intact and free from marine growth, which was abundant on parts not protected by celluloid.

Watch springs, piano strings and similar articles have been successfully tempered by electricity. The steel is wound on a spool, placed in an oil bath, and by the electric current kept at the exact degree of redness necessary for the tempering.

A large and very important discovery of uranium is reported in Cornwall. Its specific gravity, the ore containing an average of 1 per cent. of the metal, was found to be as high in the ore as 30 per cent. The market value of uranium is \$12,000 a ton.

Excellent fuses, suitable for cordage and bagging, have been made from the mineral borax, which grows in great abundance along the Gulf coast. An Alabama gentleman says the fiber, equal in texture and strength to the finest manila, can be produced at two cents per pound cost.

The great engineering feat, however, of the line, indeed one of the wonders of the time, is the famous tunnel under the summit of the mountain, leading from Gothenburg on the north to Airolo on the south side. Much has been written about this great achievement, but no writing can afford any adequate description of it. One must ride through it at express train speed and yet require sixteen minutes to do so in order to realize where the ten years' work, and the one hundred and seventeen lives, and the two million pounds of dynamite, and the seven hundred kilos of illuminating oil which its construction cost, all went to. A tunnel over nine miles long cannot be understood simply in imagination. It must be traversed to be understood. A thousand feet directly over it lies the village of Andermatt, and three thousand feet below it lies the lake of Lucerne.

The tunnel makes a complete circuit in the heart of a mountain side or cliff, going at one level and emerging at another, far above or below it. There are places by Wassen on the north and Dazio Grande on the south side of the mountain where one, looking from the car window or the porticoes with which the observation cars are provided, sees within a quarter of a mile three successive levels or trackways, one above the other and emerging at another, far above or below it. There are places by Wassen on the north and Dazio Grande on the south side of the mountain where one, looking from the car window or the porticoes with which the observation cars are provided, sees within a quarter of a mile three successive levels or trackways, one above the other and emerging at another, far above or below it. There are places by Wassen on the north and Dazio Grande on the south side of the mountain where one, looking from the car window or the porticoes with which the observation cars are provided, sees within a quarter of a mile three successive levels or trackways, one above the other and emerging at another, far above or below it. There are places by Wassen on the north and Dazio Grande on the south side of the mountain where one, looking from the car window or the porticoes with which the observation cars are provided, sees within a quarter of a mile three successive levels or trackways, one above the other and emerging at another, far above or below it. There are places by Wassen on the north and Dazio Grande on the south side of the mountain where one, looking from the car window or the porticoes with which the observation cars are provided, sees within a quarter

DAILY RECORD-UNION

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THE LATEST "FAD."

In the Quarterly Journal of Economics, N. P. Gilman, considering the question of "Nationalism" in the United States, now being agitated in New England, declares that there is one barrier to national socialism in this country, which it can never surmount; that is, the intense individual life of the States of the American Union. Mr. Gilman has named the very root of the barrier to anarchism, socialism, internationalism and all kindred ills, in this statement. The Federal idea is too deeply implanted in the American political character to be uprooted without total overthrow of the civilization of the country. In fact, it is woven with the personal life of the citizen, and so long as republican institutions have any vigor at all, he will not part with it.

This idea of a permanent league in which each State retains its sovereignty beyond possibility of surrender without disruption of the compact of the league; in which each State surrenders for all time its right to assail any other State of the league, and in which all affairs of common interest, for common defense and strength, are committed to a federated body which we know as Congress, is the safeguard of the Nation against the insidious assaults of radical socialism and the new-fangled literary child of Mr. Bellamy. The practical results of that Federal idea have been a powerful nation of phenomenal growth, and advanced state of general intelligence, the immense betterment of the condition of the working people, a wonderful rise in wages without proportional advance in the cost of living, a national arm equipped with the patriotic strength of millions of devoted freemen, the promotion of science, art and general education, the leveling of class distinctions and the opening up to the lowest of the broadest possible opportunities to rise socially and politically—these have been the rewards of the idea against which socialism, no matter what its guise, can hurl only theories and speculations of Utopian character. Without our system of separate and independent commonwealths it is improbable that these triumphs could have been achieved, or this freedom of human action have been secured. But turning to the expression of Mr. Gilman, who has assumed the office of exposing the sophistries of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," we quote:

"To the construction of a scheme of socialism which shall recognize the existence of forty or fifty States as distinct as Massachusetts and Louisiana, or Pennsylvania and Oregon, some bold thinker may yet address himself. But the practical difficulties which the simple facts of history and geography have created will be easily annihilated only on paper. Naive writers in the *Nationalist* find in the formation of a hundred Nationalist clubs in a year and a half, and in the sale of 100,000 copies of an interesting romance, the sure prophecy of an immense change in American institutions within a dozen years, and of their entire transformation within fifty. But not one in a hundred of the readers of 'Looking Backward' has yet joined a Nationalist club even. Should half the population of the United States join the Nationalist party, which has not yet appeared above the horizon, they would find the political difficulties of their programme insuperable."

Mr. Gilman points out that the nervous fear of Mr. Bellamy concerning trusts has led him to conclusions unwarranted by history and the experience of free peoples. That the development of legislation under a democracy to meet evils must of necessity be considerably posterior to the full evolution of the phenomena with which it deals, since the inventive talent and the business shrewdness of modern men have always an advantage over the cumbersome machinery of Legislatures and Congresses. Scouting the panic of the "Nationalists" as senseless, he holds that Mr. Bellamy's adherence to the European type of socialism is regardless of any peculiarity in the American situation, since he consigns the American State to annihilation, wipes out all local attachment and proposes a plan for industrial socialism that would be unmanageable in a country such as enormous size and population as ours. Nationalism, in short, he describes as founded upon the basis of a clever novel, and distinguished

most of all by a literary character. It is the latest Boston "fad" pushed on by a few bright young journalists and warm-hearted women, and a small knot of clergymen and literary devotees, who expect in a single decade to peacefully revolutionize the existing order of things in America and set up an industrial organization with the President as its chief or head, and governed by an army system of grading. In this arrangement money is unknown, excellence alone justifies promotion, and the men of the learned professions are excluded from candidacy for leadership, parties are to be things of the past and buying and selling abolished.

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In fact, it is woven with the personal life of the citizen, and so long as republican institutions have any vigor at all, he will not part with it.

The mother or Boston club has called into being to date seventeen branches, and of these, seven are in California. Sixty-eight other clubs are in process of formation. There are no business men as yet related to the organization, but a few sincere believing mechanics and a variety of writers, lawyers, doctors, clergymen and dreamers are in its ranks. As the essayist referred to well says of the Bellamyites that has ripened into a Boston "fad": "It is a hard and fast bureaucracy, the personnel of which, once instituted by popular vote, would perpetuate itself in the closest routine, for as the power of appointment in the industrial army is in the officers of the grade above, the advantages of monarchical and of democratic rule are equally absent." Mr. Gilman willfully quotes a member of the Bellamyites as saying that the new doctrine "has had but little sympathy from human nature as it is, but derives its support from human nature as we desire to have it." One other paragraph we quote in conclusion:

Meanwhile, it remains true that the skies do not necessarily fall with the appearance of each new phenomenon of society. Human society has very yet taken such a leap forward that the plunge into nationalism would be. The "cultured and conservative class," for the conventional version of "Looking Backward," will naturally subscribe to it. "Robert E. Lee" has not the least inclination to take up nationalism. The American press, with scarcely an exception, treats it with contempt. The indifference of the movement so far, as regards its distinctive aim—the nationalization of protective industries—is apparent. The public, as a whole, are not much interested in politics or of economic science. Nationalism is derived by the labor organs as the sentimental posturing of the rich man, and the rich man's indifference to workmen. It gets no sympathy from the followers of Henry George. The literary class, from which it has been chiefly born, has not yet given it the stamp of its sympathy. 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EUROPE VIA PANAMA.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE TO THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Edward Carlson's Interesting Lecture
Last Evening at the Sacramento
Business College.

A large and select audience filled the spacious hall of the Sacramento Business College last evening to hear the lecture of Edward Carlson, of San Francisco, on "A Trip to Europe via Panama—From the Golden Gate to the Eiffel Tower."

Mr. Carlson being a business man and not an orator, rather surprised his hearers with his eloquence and descriptive powers. He was listened to with marked attention throughout, and in relating the observations he had made during his travels carried the audience with him.

E. C. Atkinson, Principal of the college, introduced the lecturer in a few chosen and brief remarks.

Mr. Carlson prefaced his remarks by saying that to those who had never made the trip about which he was to speak, the few notes he had collected would prove interesting. But those who had been over the same course he requested to compare their impressions and recollections with his. He passed through the Golden Gate, he said, on the 1st of January of this year on the great steamer "Santa Barbara," sailing fatefully to the ocean voyage, the jolts, cataracts of the passengers, the officers and cooks, he cast anchor before Mazatlan. Mazatlan, he said, was a beautiful picture when contemplated from the steamer's deck. But upon landing and inspecting the place, the Captain's opinion is greatly altered. The streets are unclean, and everything indicates indolence.

Mazatlan was the next stopping place. On the way there the spot was passed where, in 1863, the ill-fated steamer Golden Gate was beached while on fire. All that remains now of the vessel is one of her paddle-wheels, standing upon the white beach, a monument to the misfortunes who there met a watery grave.

Mazatlan is cleaner and neater than Mazatlan, but this, he explained, was owing to the fear the natives have of yellow fever. Acapulco, the next place presented equally as dirty and indolent a picture as did Mazatlan, except in important places were passed and then Mazatlan was passed. The Bay of Panama struck the speaker as resembling much the Bay of San Francisco. The city did not impress the speaker with its beauty. The streets are narrow, the houses of crumbling adobe, and the climate oppressive. The trip across the isthmus was the most disagreeable experience of two years ago, when Mr. Carlson crossed it. The isthmus, it was a magnificent feature. Now, instead of tropical flowers, chattering monkeys and parrots, and sleepy alligators, the iron heel of improvement had made a deep, but dismal impression—improvement, however, has been made, but the most that was to be seen was a mass of abandoned machinery, locomotives, dredgers, etc.

The steamer trip from Aspinwall to New York was uneventful, as was also the voyage across the Atlantic to Hamburg. Ancient Hamburg's notable buildings were old and decayed, and then the speaker branched off into a description of the conflagration which a few decades had completely destroyed that city, and of which the lecturer was a witness. Like Venice, Hamburg has a great many canals and lakes. Many of the older inhabitants—particularly the peasants—still adhere to the ways in which they have worn for the past hundred years. In some of these there are very poor, and have a hard time of it. This condition the speaker thought was greatly due to the great and expensive consumption of lager beer. The beer-drinking habit is one of the greatest features of Germany, and Hamburg leads the empire in this respect. Despite the enormous quantity of beer consumed, the speaker only saw two drunken men throughout the empire.

Bremen was the next place the lecturer piloted his hearers to. He led them into the celebrated Ratskeller, one of the largest restaurants in the world, and wherein the purist wine of the Rhine is dispensed. Here the guests are permitted free ingress until 10:30 o'clock p. m., when the doors are closed. No more guests are then allowed to enter, but those fortunate enough to be within may remain until the regular day's allotment of wine is exhausted.

Hanover was next visited, and then Berlin, the German capital. The speaker described the public buildings, the gardens, streets and then the Emperor's palace.

The train was taken for the return to Hamburg and then the steamer to Hull—a cold and cheerless old English city. Liverpool, the largest port in the world, and wherein the port of Great Britain was the next place. Many old and magnificent buildings are to be seen here. In spite of the fact that Liverpool is the greatest shipping center, probably, in the world, a great deal of complaint is to be heard there on account of the high cost of living. Indeed, the visitor is readily impressed with the wealth of this. Mr. Carlson said that during the few hours he spent in Liverpool he saw more evidences of poverty than he had during thirty years in America.

London was the next place of importance visited. "To give a description of London," said the speaker, "one would have to write a book." The city of London, where there a few days my observation was limited." He took his hearers, however, to St. Paul's Cathedral and there told them the history of that great and historic structure. Hyde Park, where London's "upper crust" taking their airing in their carriages were to be seen, as well as Westminster Abbey and all the other familiar and ancient buildings and institutions.

It was now time to pack up for Paris. Instead of crossing the channel direct to that place, the lecturer conducted the audience back to Hamburg, and thence by rail to Paris and thence to the Eiffel Tower.

Mr. Carlson suffered his total inability to describe the World's Exposition as it deserved. The massiveness and gorgeousness of architecture of the Exposition buildings completely overwhelmed him. The variety and immensity of the exhibits from every corner of the globe were bewildering. Every nation was to be found there, the familiar display of patent incunabula. But the greatest wonder of the exposition was the Eiffel Tower. Before the construction of the Washington Monument, St. Paul's steeple and the great dome were magnificent in their height; but the Eiffel Tower still looks down upon them. France said to the world, "Come and see what we can do," and if the world will speak truthfully, it will say that France has surpassed anything heretofore attempted.

BRUSIE VS. PICKETT.
They Exchange Some Compliments by Means of Affidavits.

A couple of weeks ago there was published in the Record-Union a synopsis of an affidavit filed in the Superior Court by J. C. Brusie, as attorney for one Ah Sing, in which appeared some very strong allegations against G. G. Pickett, counsel for W. H. Bagwell, in a suit in which the latter is plaintiff and Ah Sing defendant. Ah Sing's affidavit, in short, alleged that he had been induced by fraudulent representations to sign a confession of judgment, under which several hundred dollars of his money, in the hands of one A. Mouton, was attached and paid over. There were some details of alleged transactions which, if true, would not reflect to the credit of Bagwell or his counsel.

The case came up yesterday before Judge Van Fleet, in the Superior Court, on Ah Sing's motion to set aside the judgment awarded to Bagwell. The motion was based upon the affidavit first referred to, which attorney Brusie read in a voice and tone of effectiveness, and the reading of which was present in the courtroom, as its contents had caused considerable comment in legal circles.

Lincoln White and Mr. Pickett appeared as counsel for Bagwell, and the former read

a long counter-affidavit in which a general denial was made to most of the allegations of plaintiff, and some very pointed denials in regard to specific points. It also contained some allegations concerning the plaintiff and his counsel that were scarcely less sensational than those of the latter. For instance, after quoting from plaintiff's statement, he said: "All of which the plaintiff, and his counsel, J. C. Brusie, knew to be false," etc. Indeed, so far as the charges and counter-charges reflecting upon the characters of the litigants and their respective attorneys were concerned, the Bagwell affidavit was a pretty well sealed off to Ah Sing.

As there was also some oral testimony to be heard in the case, it went over without result until to-day.

THAT TRADE MARK.

The Azavedos Demand \$5,000 Damages from M. S. Nevis.

Some two weeks ago the Superior Court granted a restraining order, on the complaint and petition of M. S. Nevis, enjoining M. J. & J. L. Azavedo from using the trade-mark "Eagle Winery," on wines sold by them. The defendants yesterday filed a cross-complaint, alleging that in April last they dissolved partnership with Nevis; that under the terms of the dissolution Nevis sold to them his interest in the Eagle Winery; that it was agreed that Nevis should manufacture and sell wine by the wholesale, and not do any retail business for the space of one year; that on the other hand, the defendants should retain the wines of the Eagle Winery, and none others, and not engage in the wholesale business for the space of one year.

They claim the right to the use of the trade mark "Eagle Winery" and demand damages from Nevis in the sum of \$5,000, beside the cost of the litigation. J. W. Hughes and A. L. Hart are attorneys for defendants.

THE WEATHER.

THESE ARE DATED MUCH Wetter than Last Year—Yesterday's Temperature.

The Signal Service records, as reported by Sergeant Barwick, show the storm that ended yesterday to have given .54 of an inch of rain, making for this month and season, 1.20 inches, as against nothing during October of last year, and .56 of an inch for last season up to the same date.

The highest and lowest temperatures yesterday were 70° and 56°, as against 80° and 57° for the same date last year. The highest and lowest temperatures one year ago to day were 80° and 46°.

The singularity of the storm just past was the excessive precipitation at Davisville, the seat of this city, it being over two inches at that point. The rain at Sacramento gives but a little over half an inch. The rainfall was also heavy at San Francisco and Santa Rosa. During the storm the weather north of this State was cloudless with a mild temperature. The barometer at 5 P.M. yesterday was rising.

Sacramento Shipments.

Following is the statement of the Southern Pacific Company of freight shipments east from Sacramento for the month of September. The figures represent pounds:

Barley, 221,300; books and stationery, 2,280; bacon, 371,580; brandy, 9,940; canned goods, 84,800; green beans, 20,000; dried fruit, 6,022,250; dried, 103,600; hops, 800,680; flour, 1,000,000; miscellaneous, 44,800; powder and explosives, 21,550; raisins, 125,710; shingles, 20,000; vegetables, 42,550; wine, 733,550; green wool, 125,160; pulled wool, 13,930; total, 104,380,100.

Company E's Election.

Captain Seymour's company (E) held an election for officers Thursday evening, which was presided over by Major Weinstock, of the brigade staff. The result of the voting was that H. I. Seymour was unanimously re-elected Captain, and Robert L. First, and Frank G. Smith Second Lieutenant. Wesley Johnson declined a re-election, and Lieutenant W. A. Gett also. A lively interest was manifested in the election.

A fine gold-headed cane was presented to Lieutenant Johnson as a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held, and it is reported that Major Weinstock made the boys a rattling good speech, and gave them some good advice.

Police Court.

Before Judge Buckley yesterday, J. H. Cullen was convicted of petit larceny and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5, or in default to serve a similar number of days in jail.

Thomas Brady had been drunk, but having explained that it was his first time in Court, he was allowed to go.

The case of George Langlois, charged with vagrancy, was continued until Octo-ber 1. Ernest Anguin and Baptiste Fayte, charged with vagrancy, were tried and acquitted. E. C. Hart defended both the parties, and no testimony was offered on the part of the defense.

IT WAS ALCOHOLISM.

An affidavit has been filed by Dr. White, County Physician, with Coroner Clark to the effect that when he made the autopsy on the body of the late R. D. Cooper, he was aware of the fact that the deceased had been drinking, but that the body bore no evidences of its effects to warrant the assumption that death resulted therefrom. On the contrary, the doctor reassured that his examination showed that the cause of death was alcoholism.

AN EMIGRANT FOR SEATTLE.

In the Police Court yesterday, E. C. Hart asked that judgment be postponed indefinitely in the case of Kitty Crowley, who was comitted for vagrancy on Thursday. The court adjourned to Friday morning, and the trial was suspended until Octo-ber 1. Mr. Carlson inferred his total inability to describe the World's Exposition as it deserved. The massiveness and gorgeousness of architecture of the Exposition buildings completely overwhelmed him. The variety and immensity of the exhibits from every corner of the globe were bewildering. Every nation was to be found there, the familiar display of patent incunabula. But the greatest wonder of the exposition was the Eiffel Tower. Before the construction of the Washington Monument, St. Paul's steeple and the great dome were magnificent in their height; but the Eiffel Tower still looks down upon them. France said to the world, "Come and see what we can do," and if the world will speak truthfully, it will say that France has surpassed anything heretofore attempted.

Supposed to be James Kessler.

An inquest was held yesterday by Justice Newton of Washington on the body of the old man found dead on Thursday in a barn on the Bryte ranch. There was some evidence going to show that deceased's name was James Kessler—at least he had so stated in his will, one of the men on the place. The verdict of the jury was that death resulted from natural causes.

INCORPORATED.

Various Companies Receive Charters to Engage in Business.

The following articles of incorporation were filed in the Secretary of State's office yesterday:

SAN FRANCISCO STREET INDICATOR COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, for street-car attachment. Capital stock, \$250,000. Directors—H. G. Krasky, Frank Van Deventer, J. H. Anderson, William Barman, Theodore Bagciapu, Gustave Frederick Ochs and E. B. Farnsworth.

HAUSER AGRICULTURAL WORKS, Principal place of business, Sacramento. Capital stock, \$100,000; amount actually subscribed, \$41,600. Directors—Daniel Hauser, George W. Haines, H. L. Knight, H. S. Sargent and L. E. Ashley.

UNITY HOSE COMPANY, organized for the purpose of maintaining a fire alarm system in the City of Sacramento.

SAN JOSE GROCERY CAB AND DELIVERY COMPANY, organized for the purpose of carrying freight and passengers. Capital stock, \$60,000. Directors—A. Early, Averett H. Wright, M. T. Dennis, James H. Pierce, Walter M. Field and A. Knickerbocker. Catholic Hall Association of Ferndale.

FRANK IS HERE.

Arrival of a Gentleman Who Gives His Attention to Second-Contests.

A strapping big colored man stepped into Chief Lee's private office at the police station yesterday and, addressing that officer, said:

"Chief, I jes' thought I'd come in to let you know I'se in town. If you want me

JAILED FOR CONTEMPT.

WHAT IT COST D. M. VANCE FOR DISOBEDIENCE OF A COURT'S ORDER.

He is Fined \$300, and Goes to Jail—more of a Serious Charge Growing Out of the Case.

The imposition by the Superior Court yesterday of a fine of \$300 upon one D. M. Vance for contempt, in disobeying an injunction of the Court, has revived some interest in the matter growing out of the trial of that charge. It seems that there is now pending in the Superior Court of this county a suit entitled J. C. Pennie, administrator of the estate of Kate D. McLaughlin, deceased, vs. Sebastian Vischer et al. Incidental to that suit an injunction was issued, restraining the defendants from interfering in any way with the tenants in possession of a large number of parcels of land in Sacramento and San Joaquin counties, that came to the McLaughlin estate through the Western Pacific Railroad grant, which the injunction was served upon Vance. Vischer et al. were the defendants.

Some weeks since, in the presentation of affidavits the Superior Court issued a citation to Vance to appear and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of Court, and on the trial of that charge it appeared that Vance had gone to a trial in Oregon, and was not in the State.

He is MIND DISEASED.

An Arrival from Oregon Locked-up on a Charge of Insanity.

There arrived by the train from Oregon yesterday a man named George Calligan and his wife, who had tickets for the East. The husband showed decided symptoms of insanity, and, at the request of his wife, was taken to the police station for safe-keeping. He labors under the hallucination that people are chasing him, and last night in his cell he was brushing imaginary creatures of some kind from his feet and legs. Indeed, he acted more like a person possessed than delirious tremens than anything else.

The unfortunate man seems to be something of a ventriloquist, while his wife is a genuine bearded woman, sporting a blonde head and moustache that would make a modern dandy green with envy. It is possible the couple have belonged to some traveling show, and it will probably be examined to-day by the Commissioners of Lunacy.

AMUSEMENTS.

The pathetic story of the woman pursued by the hirings of the Mormon Church, under the title "The Danite," was well-played by McKee Rankin's troupe, at the Metropolitan Theater last night, with Mr. Rankin, Mr. Maeder, Miss Bert and Mr. Crosbie in the leading roles, to the Miss Atwood, Mr. Arper, Miss Wood and Mr. Wyngate afforded efficient support. The play is one of action and sustained interest. It is full of sighs and woes, not enough relieved by the rough and mournful music of the men of an early mining camp. There was a scene in which the "Danites" of the crowd, necessary to the safety of the audience, were to have been made, and that several other persons were present when he signed the paper.

HAS AN UGLY LOOK.

From this statement it appears that one of two things had been done. Either that Vance committed perjury in swearing that he had not made the affidavit, or that somebody had committed another crime in the case, in which he was represented as testifying. Hence, Judge Armstrong called the attention of the Grand Jury recently impaneled by him to the matter, and, while in duty bound, the officers having the matter in charge to refuse to give any information, still it is an open secret about the Court-house that the men of business have been summoned from Stockton and San Francisco and elsewhere, and developments are expected.

THE COURT'S DECISION.

Judge Armstrong, in his decision yesterday, recited the fact that on January 7, 1889, an injunction was duly issued from the Superior Court of this county, enjoining and restraining the defendants, and persons acting under their control, from interfering with the tenants in possession of any of the plaintiff's tenancies or agents therein; that the said writ of injunction had been served in due form on defendant D. M. Vance; that, from affidavits filed by A. Miner and John McCarty, it appeared that that day, or the next, M. Vance had entered upon the northeast corner of section 31, Township 4, north range, east on which he had been a tenant of the plaintiff, taken possession of the land and a portion of the crop, and occupied and culminated the same in his own use and benefit.

It appears to have been, after hearing that the acts of Vance were in violation and disobedience of the injunction, and therefore in contempt of Court, defendant was adjudged guilty as charged, and ordered to pay a fine of \$300, and to be committed to the custody of the Sheriff until he paid the same.

Vance was at once taken in charge by Sheriff McMullen and locked up. Up to last night no steps had been taken looking to his release, but it is presumed that he will take an appeal and be allowed his liberty under the appeal bond, unless the Grand Jury should find an indictment against him for the more serious offense of perjury.

THE DIAMOND.

KNELL AND CLARKE TO PITCH IN TOMORROW'S BALL GAME.

The weather permitting, there will be a ball game at Snowflake Park to-morrow afternoon between the Sacramento and San Francisco, commencing at 2 o'clock. The two new twirlers, Knell and Clarke, will be pitted against each other and there will be a large attendance. Clarke is said to be a great barker of bases and pretty handy with the willow. He bats left-handed.

Following will be the make-up of the contesting nines:

SAN FRANCISCO. Positions. Sacramento. Pitcher—John Knell. First base—C. Sweeney. Second base—Veach Hanley. Shortstop—Shea. Third base—Lever. Left field—Shortstop—Newell Perrier. Center field—Goodenell. Right field—Shea.

NEW YORK. Positions. Sacramento. Pitcher—P. D. Murphy. First base—J. C. Clarke. Second base—Dunham. Third base—Charles Gresham, left field. Charles Phillips, water carrier. Peter Russell and J. King, substitutes. The club has adopted the name "Bullion." For the manager, Fred Baker; captain, Mike Fisher; catcher, Jay E. Brown; pitcher, Louis Reiter; first base, Howie Nels; right field, Charlie Robinson; shortstop; Charles Gresham, left field. "Pip" Shick, mascot; George Phillips, water carrier; Peter Russell and J. King, substitutes. The club has adopted the name "Bullion." For the manager, Fred Baker; captain, Mike Fisher; catcher, Jay E. Brown; pitcher, Louis Reiter; first base, Howie Nels; right field, Charlie Robinson; shortstop; Charles G

THE SPANISH QUEEN REGENT.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL HAS RULED THE COUNTRY.

The Romantic Alphonso—A Strange Story of the Spanish Queen—An Adept in Domestic Arts.

All the world knows how successful and heroically the young Spanish Queen has maintained her most trying position. The regnant Victoria sailed through fifty years of prosperity, guided by the most competent advisers, but this young girl came unexpectedly to the throne of a country torn with civil wars, a country where she was looked upon with hatred, and she has made her position strong, not only with power, but with love.

Alphonso was handsome and good-natured, romantic from his many amours and the pathetic story of his first Queen. This new intruder was an Austrian. She had disappointed the nation twice in giving birth to girls, and it was thought the throne might go to pieces or to the everlasting Carlists, when she rallied herself, as it were, gave birth to a son and took the reins of government with such tact and ability that she is now loved with almost fanatical devotion.

She understands the power of personality, and is always herself on the spot reviewing the army in person, opening the Cortes, attending all national exhibitions, going to the furthest part of her kingdom in case of calamity, taking active part in all Government reforms—in fact, proving herself one of the most active and able existing sovereigns.

I will not repeat, says Olive Weston, the well-worn tales of the court and the baby King, his nurses and his uniforms. It is of the King's mother—grandmother that my revelation of this kind speaks. For I remember a story of an old Spanish grande once told me under pledge of secrecy in a little Bohemian Spanish inn in Paris, frequented by Fortuny and Mardras, when I was staying to get bits of color for a Franco-Spanish novel. I promised never to tell, but nothing was said about writing.

The story is different from that published in court history, but the grande was a distant relative of the hero, and the story of such a nature that I do not think he would have told it if had not been true.

The ruler who preceded Queen Isabella was a strange, coarse man of violent temper and repulsive exterior. Extremely suspicious of his subjects, he was always trying to test their affection, to penetrate by disguise into their home that he might learn if he was beloved by his people. It was a point he was exceedingly tender on. One evening toward evening dusk he left the palace in disguise. Some rumor that he was impotent had disturbed him, and he could not rest till he had investigated them. As he approached the borders of the royal park, he found that he had forgotten his tobacco, and seeing a light gleam from a little shop where his soldiers were supplied, he bent his steps toward it. On entering he only found a boy, who had been left in charge by his father, the tobacconist. While making his purchase his Majesty noted the singular beauty and intelligence of the child's face, and asked him his name, which the boy said was Lorenzo. The King then lighted a cigar and skillfully led the conversation till he had induced the boy to speak of his feeling for his sovereign, when the unconscious child disclosed a heart of such loyalty and love for his ruler, in spite of his faults, which he freely babbled off, that the monarch exclaimed: "Would all my people were educated like this; then would my throne and firm!" Then he left him gazing with astonishment at a gold piece in his hand.

The next morning the King called his chamberlain and said: "The tobacconist on the borders of my park has a son of great intelligence; I wish him placed in the royal college." "But, your Majesty, the college is only for the sons of nobles," obey my orders."

Sometime after this the King paid a visit to the college to learn of the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, but complained that the other students ill-treated him and would not associate with him because he was not noble. "Lorenzo, come here," the King cried; and putting his arm around him, said before them all: "Kiss me, my boy." Then taking a decoration from his breast, he pinned it on the child, and said: "I make him noble; treat him as if he were my son."

The poor old King had married his fourth wife, and still was childless. His infirmities grew upon him and he was now stricken with a fearful disease—so horrible and repulsive that all fled from him. Lorenzo had now left college and entered the army, and the King had lost sight of his little favorite. The boy had grown up to be a handsome young officer of the most luscious Spanish type.

One day the monarch, ill and almost deserted, heard some one playing a sweet little melody on a mandolin from the garden outside. The air soothed him, and he cried: "Who is that?" "It is Lorenzo, your Majesty." "Send him to me." Then, as the young officer stood before him, he dismissed his attendant and said: "Do you love me, Lorenzo?" The poor old King was disgusted to behold, swollen beyond semblance to humanity, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, and in the clutches of told me—the sweated blood and vermin." Lorenzo's great feeling could forget all, and bursting into tears he threw his arms around that mass of corruption, crying: "I love you, your Majesty. I would give my life to save you one moment's pain." "Then you shall never leave me."

After this Lorenzo was always at his side. But now comes a new actor on the scene of this strange drama—the Queen, the Princess Christina, daughter of the King of Naples. As the disease progressed even the attendants fled, and in all the crimson and gold of the royal chamber only Lorenzo and the Queen were left to watch the bed of death. Lorenzo was one of those who seem to be born to die for their sovereign, but the young Queen did not look with the same loving eyes the dying King, and she soon fell in love with Lorenzo.

Before her child was born she caused a new law to be passed securing protection to it whatever its female, and that is how Isabella came to the throne.

The young Queen now plumped deeper into it, and fearing for the future, began to secrete great sums of money, and even to replace some of the crown jewels with paste. In this she wanted Lorenzo to become her accomplice. Reluctantly led before, he now saw his chance for power over her. Soon the time came when they sat on either side of a bed with a corpse between them. "Lorenzo," she said, "I will always remember your services. I will reward you with great honors and titles." "One title will be sufficient, Madam," he said with a smile. "What do you mean?" she cried. "Your husband, or you go to the scaffold?"

And so the tobacconist's son mounted the throne. But let us turn back those times of intrigue and passion, and to the present. If we do not find Queen Christina riding in the streets with the little King, we will surely find her bending over her embroidery frame. In this delightful art she is the most accomplished woman in Europe. Wherever she goes she always visits the monasteries and examines their ancient treasures, talks with the

monks about the old stiches and patterns, and encourages them to imitate them, often herself teaching the less expert; showing them how to utilize all the ragged pieces by cutting them out and appliqueing them on cloth of gold or silver. In the lace-making districts she tries to encourage the old industries, and her favorite head dress is the traditional mantilla. Of course, she is not Spanish in type, but it is her desire to be Spanish, and in this all Spaniards love her, for she desires to encourage and reclaim all these lost souls, which, elevated as they were by the noble decorative feeling of the Moors, were the taste of the old industries, and all artistic Europe. Most of her embroidery is ecclesiastic make, and is sent by her in gifts to the different churches of her dominion and occasionally some remarkable specimen is made an offering to the Pope. She loves to take a piece of old brocade—perhaps already enriched with threads of tarnished gold, and taking the original design as a clue, work it all over in her own fancy of color, of which she has a wonderful sense. She also studies with great interest the principles of Japanese decorative art.

She has a bijou residence in a park near the city, which she arranged herself, and artists speak highly of her color effects, but of course she has all the tapestries, magnificent brocades and priceless bric-a-brac of the palaces to draw from, so it would not be very difficult to put together a good color harmony. And the rightest feeling educated, but it seems that most real persons have now, for places are proverbially hideous.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

RADWAY'S
ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS
PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.

CURES all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, &c., &c. Price, 25 cents per box. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGISTS.**

If you send us \$1.00 we will send you a box on receipt of price for \$1. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

W&W

\$1.00 per box; Baker's Extras, \$1.10; Superfine, \$2.50; Loaf, \$3.00.

WHEAT-Rain commenced falling early this morning, and the indications are promising for more rain. The weather is cool and the air is fresh, which is very agreeable to those who are fairly active, though seers would likely prefer quiet movement. Values show no buoyancy. From \$1.31 to 1.32%^o gold; choice, 1.33%; common, 1.32%; silver, 1.31%; copper, 1.30%; iron, 1.29%; dozen.

BARLEY—For choice feed the inquiry is good proportions, while values show steady decline. The market is quiet, and the stock that can be strictly called first-class.

Movement in Barley is of fair magnitude. We quote as follows: No. 1 choice, \$1.31; choice, 1.30%; common, 1.29%; silver, 1.28%; copper, 1.27%; iron, 1.26%; dozen.

COFFEE—Market dull and weak at 18% to 20% for Central American grades.

CORDAGE—The Tubbs Cordage Company quotes the three styles, which are quotable as follows:

New Process, Duplex, Manila, 14-thread, 10%¢; 12-thread, 11%¢; 13-thread, 11%¢; 14-thread, 11%¢.

CIGARS—Jobbing rates for California made are as follows: Seed, 16¢ per box; and Havana, \$0.65; Cuban, \$0.60; 12¢ per box; 10¢ per stick.

SHIRT-CLOTHES—They are quoted at 50¢ to the spot and \$0.50 to 50¢ to 55¢ to 60¢ to 65¢ to 70¢ to 75¢ to 80¢ to 85¢ to 90¢ to 95¢ to 100¢ to 105¢ to 110¢ to 115¢ to 120¢ to 125¢ to 130¢ to 135¢ to 140¢ to 145¢ to 150¢ to 155¢ to 160¢ to 165¢ to 170¢ to 175¢ to 180¢ to 185¢ to 190¢ to 195¢ to 200¢ to 205¢ to 210¢ to 215¢ to 220¢ to 225¢ to 230¢ to 235¢ to 240¢ to 245¢ to 250¢ to 255¢ to 260¢ to 265¢ to 270¢ to 275¢ to 280¢ to 285¢ to 290¢ to 295¢ to 300¢ to 305¢ to 310¢ to 315¢ to 320¢ to 325¢ to 330¢ to 335¢ to 340¢ to 345¢ to 350¢ to 355¢ to 360¢ to 365¢ to 370¢ to 375¢ to 380¢ to 385¢ to 390¢ to 395¢ to 400¢ to 405¢ to 410¢ to 415¢ to 420¢ to 425¢ to 430¢ to 435¢ to 440¢ to 445¢ to 450¢ to 455¢ to 460¢ to 465¢ to 470¢ to 475¢ to 480¢ to 485¢ to 490¢ to 495¢ to 500¢ to 505¢ to 510¢ to 515¢ to 520¢ to 525¢ to 530¢ to 535¢ to 540¢ to 545¢ to 550¢ to 555¢ to 560¢ to 565¢ to 570¢ to 575¢ to 580¢ to 585¢ to 590¢ to 595¢ to 600¢ to 605¢ to 610¢ to 615¢ to 620¢ to 625¢ to 630¢ to 635¢ to 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"DAT TILDEH."

"Won't yuh light daoun, seh?" asked the old colored woman, who sat in front of the house before which I paused one pleasant evening in the course of my ride through the old Virginia neighborhood where my parents were born, and which I had not visited in more than twenty years. "Light an' tie yo' hoss by de gate till I fine dat Isaacs. Yessah, dis wha's Mistah Wiliam Williams live. He's ova to town, seh, he ez, but he'll be heyeh bimey. Well yuh tek a cheah, seh? Powful wahn, ane et? Yo' Isaac, drap dat quinsh' an' tek de gen'man's hoss tuh de bahn. Move erlong, yo' pore yalleh-face, spingle-lag chile, yo'! Wat yo' doin' out yehah de night aif, wifout no hat? On? Yo' knows yo' ben tekk'en med'cin' dis day! Yo' out o' yehah, yo' Bos'e! Don' reckon dis-sel man going to hu't yo', ner yo' giv' tuh hu't hem!! Git on raoun de haouse, yo' orn', long-yeahed howl! Yo' head me? Clah' out!

"What's Mis' Williams? Wy, law-sakes, ma-an, she dade! Done dade ten yeahs, shoh'y! Mis' Williams, he live hyeh by hisself, cep'de dags, an' hosses an' an' an' de chilien, de' han's, an' cep'n' dat Tildeh. She done tone yehah right smit.

"Don' reckon yo' foke raoun yehah, does yo' sech? Yo' foke utnah de feahn down by de Feh'y! Yo' is Mis' Lida's chile! I clah' tuh goddins! 'Scuse me, sech; tek dis fan while I run in de haouse an' get'er pitcher buttermilk.

"Who's Mis' Tildeh? Yo' don' know what dat Tildeh ez? Sho' now! Wy, dat Tildeh, she's Mis' Williams dahteh; he all chile. Like Mis' Williams? No, ended! Dat Tildeh ane much like her maw, shoh'y. Fo' de Lawd, Mis' Tildeh! We all done tank dat chile gwine to be def' ob us, sometimes.

"Perty? Dey ave no pi'sheh haf so perty ez dat Tildeh. She thes ez perty ez Mis' Williams chees'nt runnin' mah Ju'en! an' Wile! Wile! Ez her moker-bird! These is imperdent an' full de dibbel ez er moker! she sing des dat sweet!

"Mah'red? D'in yuh know dat? yes-sah, dat Tildeh she ben mahr'd two ya'e's now, mahr'd a Mis' Beecham! Fom' vah' tuh Point o' Rocks. He's a nice man!"

"Since dat Tildeh was sixteen yeahs ole, dey u'z a strug o' houses out tuh de hinch-in'-log ez long fom' heah tuh de gate; an' I clah' tuh grashus, ef'ry one o' dem gemmen an' fa'ly baig an' beseach dat Tildeh tuh mah' dem! Nieg gemmen, too, seh! Lawyehs, an' doctahs, an' sto'keahs, an' falmahs, an' mos' evrybody else. Pears like dey are no' gel raoun yehah gwine tuh do fo' none o' dem-all iellahs, cep'n' dat Tildeh!

"Tildeh, her maw she 'uz dade, an' Tildeh, she ane got nobuddy for tuh talk wif erbott deseshes things. I clah', I fa'ly perty dat chile, she need her maw dat bad. Shu' usetah come tuh me, an' she say, 'Oh, mammy, I thes don' know wat tuh do wi' all deseshes men! I kain keep um' erway; an' dey all, dey won't talk nothing; but them mah'y, mah'y, mah'y all de time! An' I kain' mah'y dem! al'

"'W'y an' yuh gwine peck out er nice gemmen fomm' fom' de lot an' mah'y hem, chile?' sez I.

"Well, but which one, mammy? dat's wot I wan' ter know,' sez Tildeh.

"Well, now, honey, chile, tell yuh,' sez I. "Yo' don' wan' peek out no' fellah wat are er gemman," sez I. "Yo' thes look erraroun' an' peek out a gemman wai' kin ride eyn' kine of a hoss, an' wai' ullus brings de patriches back wif hem if he goes out shutein', an' wai' at' he afraid of de dibbil hissef, an' wai' at' he start to jump er fence he shoh' gwine to jump et' he breaks he neck, an' wai' at' he say he gwine do-sure so he gwine do et' et' takes he las' dollar. Dat's de kine ob' em-an for yo' to mah'y, sez I; 'an' don' yuh go an' mah'y no' odder kine. Don' mah'y fellah fer wai' lit'l munny; fom' fore'by, 'spoin' he gwine be wai' all his munny on de wrong hoss, den whai' is yeh?

"Den dat Tildeh, she come put her hader in mes' leg, an' she sez, very solium, sez I. "Mamma! I shah'y gwine do one o' two tings: one or de bofe!"

"'Wat dat, chile,' sez I.

"I shoh'y is gwine mah'y all dem men; ailsen, Ise gwine drown myself in Goose creek! Den dat Tildeh, she laf, an' runn' on erway, an' go cut paper dolls, them like a li' chile. But sho'! I know dat Tildeh ane gwine drawsha herself in no' Goose creek; an' it clah' alyin' posseble she done gwine mah'y all dem men. She thes projekkin' wif me!"

"But, now, does yo' know wat dat Tildeh finely do? Out ob all dem nice men wot come co'tin' heah, shu' thes turn in an' tek up wi' de very pores' in de lot! Er reg'lah no-count, triflin' good-for-nothin' shot! Er lib' bit o' pead, spindlin' fellah, wat wai' cou'nt' kerry Mis' Tildeh oveth er mudhole not to see hech' n'! He cou'nt' shute, she set daoun! They all'll be glad tub see yeh, seh—isaack, yo' good-for-nothin' niggah, yo' go on daoun' te' dem-ah-hoss. Mos' I call yo' ergin!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The Undivided Courage of Stevens in the Face of Death. [From the Philadelphia Press.]

During the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, while Brown held the armory yard and engine house, he had pickets stationed in different points commanding the approaches. John Brown's right-hand man, Lieutenant Stevens, with four men, held the end of the bridge which crosses the Potomac until they were driven thence by the citizens of Harper's Ferry. They then retreated towards the engine house, held by John Brown. Meantime ten or twelve men (citizens) entered the Gaunt House by means of the rear entrance, and by firing from the windows and doorway of the bar-room of the saloon, they were able to command the street from the end of the bridge to the engine house. As Stevens and party retreated along this street they were fired upon by the men in the Gaunt House and one of the men, Thompson by name, fell.

Stevens did not know this until he reached the engine-house. Nothing daunted, in the face of almost certain death, he returned alone and tried to carry his friend and comrade, Thompson, away. He was fired at and fell badly wounded, but not before he returned the fire. He and Thompson were then carried to the Shenandoah Hotel. Then Thompson was immediately sent to the bridge and shot his body through the river. The crowd then returned for Stevens. Just as they entered the room Mrs. Fonuke, the wife of the landlord, entered, and with the tender heart and love of mercy of a woman, pleaded with the crowd to spare Stevens' life. Stevens, supposing that they were going to kill him then and there, with an effort raised himself on his elbow and said:

"Gentlemen, have respect for the lady; do not kill me in her presence, but take me out and kill me." His bravery saved his life for a time. He was taken to Charles-ton and afterwards tried, convicted and hanged. He mounted the scaffold and unfinishing, with a smile on his countenance.

NEGRO MAXIMS.

No use bangin' de lame mule.

Better set in de mud den fall in de crack.

Don' yo' neber let loose de wileto to chase away house kitten.

Bter Bar he done got cotched by him foot. Mr. Bar by him tongue.

Black man he shoot fru de bresh. Mebbe he chase snake, mebbe he chase nigger.

Face an' oh behine (behind), a mule be'f, but a raskill nowhere; he don't go no safe side.—*Washington Capital*.

* * *

Look to Simmons Liver Regulator for relief from all sickness resulting from a diseased liver.

"Dat pore chile, she jess stan' dere, all wite an' tremly, like dey ain' no bones in heh laigs; an' heh had'f tall downw; an' she sez very low, an' unsah hem, 'No, seh.' Den I mek out chile clah'ly gwine say, 'Yo' gwine ax me some mo'?

"Mis' Williams, he hidin' whupp it go snap in heh han'; he thes shet heh mouth ap hard, and git mighty pale. Den he thes shake off his han' he walk oveth to Mis' Tildeh, an' he tek her han' an' lif' it up; he say, so gran'ble, 'Meh dahl, I ix yo' mo'. May I offah yo' meh ahm nth de house?"

"Dat pore Tildeh, she thes fa'ly mope

an' pine erway. She get dat wite an' peaked, I mek shoh' she gwine die fo' long. Mis' Williams, he 'uz very quiet an' very kyine, an' he never say one word erbout dat trubble; an' Tildeh, she don' say one word neider, till dem gemmen wai' useh come co'tin' heh, dey all mighty kyine an' spec'ful tuh Mis' Tildeh, wen dey meets hei enyw'ers, but dey aine baig heh to mahry ane now. Dey too proud don' yo' see? Tildeh, she thes mope.

"Bye-by' thich kem erlong dis Mistah Beecham, ole fren' on Mis' Williams' wai' visit breah or' wile; an' dose two gemmen dey go out wif de haous, and go fis'hin', an' go squ'l shootin', an' have a nice time. Mis' Williams, he live an' go ez Mis' Williams, till he shoh' do know how tuh ride an' shute. An' Mistah Williams, he ain' been so peart in yeahs, an' kain' do ermut fer Mis' Williams. Beecham.

"Mis' Williams, he mighty kyine to Mis' Tildeh. He ain' say much, but he thes heft heh raoun' wif hees eyes. He been stavin' 'yehah two or free mons; an' one day he walk inteh Mis' Williams' room, an' he say, standin' up straight, 'Mis' Williams, sech, he say, 'I has de honah to ax fo' do' han' ob' yo'.' Mis' Tildeh?

"Mis' Williams, he git mighty wite, an' he say nothing fer shef' time. Bi'me-by he, say, wif he has de tu'h tuh one an' a half. Mis' Beecham, I assuah, you I Ernestess heh yon' yo' aspen; an' I shed mos' honah; but I feah you know all—"

"I don' recon' yo' foke raoun yehah, does yo' sech? Yo' foke utnah de feahn down by de Feh'y! Yo' is Mis' Lida's chile! I clah' tuh goddins! 'Scuse me, sech; tek dis fan while I run in de haouse an' get'er pitcher buttermilk.

"Who's Mis' Tildeh? Yo' don' know what dat Tildeh ez? Sho' now! Wy, dat Tildeh, she's Mis' Williams dahteh; he all chile.

"Like Mis' Williams? No, ended! Dat Tildeh ane much like her maw, shoh'y. Den byez, an' bring oveth et' of lettahs, an' he'e' am't ou' tuh hem, an' say, 'Dey lettahs, sech, well tell yo' all.' Yo' mus' read, befo' yo' ax' me' to be' yo' wife. An' now, 'scuse me, sech, fer I mus' go away.'

"Mis' Beecham, he thes take de lettahs in heh han', an' he make up look on em' out, but he lay 'em tuh de feahn, an' then he' am' t'ull buh' up. An' he sez, sech as we've quite all done about, we'll anseh, we'll anseh all done about; we'll anseh, we'll anseh all done about."

"Mis' Tildeh, she watch de lettahs cu'p' an' up'lu' an' an' heh face done wuk' an' change, an' she stan' dyah all wite an' weav' an' tremlin'. Mis' Beecham, he ain' put sout an' han' tuh hole heh up. On' w'en de lettahs wai' all gone whoo! up the chimbley-flue, he retch on' hees han' an' this ax' fo' heh anseh, an' ax' he to come; ax' he neveh say er word, 'cep'n' wif hees face.

"Mis' Tildeh, she walk o'ld him, these de lettahs in heh han', an' he make up look on em' out, but he lay 'em tuh de feahn, an' then he' am' t'ull buh' up. An' he sez, sech as we've quite all done about, we'll anseh, we'll anseh all done about; we'll anseh, we'll anseh all done about."

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